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STUDENT NURSES' PAGE

GREETINGS TO THE STUDENT NURSES

THE Supervisors and Staff Nurses of the Visiting Nurse Association of New Haven, Connecticut, are very glad to greet the student nurses through their page of "our *Journal*." We are all delighted that the students are to be among us, and that we shall have an opportunity to exchange ideas from time to time. This exchange will be valuable to us all. It might seem to the student nurses that the outside nurse is far removed, and that her problems are very different. If we could exchange places for a few hours, we should find that after all the problems are much the same both within and without the hospital walls.

The name "nurse" whether prefixed with "graduate" or "student" carries with it the responsibility of caring for those who are sick, and helping to safeguard the public health. The public at large expect a great deal from us, and it is our ambition to meet the responsibilities of the profession that we have chosen. Much depends upon the student nurse for the future of our work. If we were not sure that this army of workers within the hospital walls would be ready to take up the tasks where the outside workers must lay them down, we should have less faith in the future of the nursing profession. Once again we greet the student nurses of America.

MARY GRACE HILLS,
ELIZABETH ROSS
and
THEIR FIFTY NURSES.

SUMMER RECREATIONS

As Enjoyed by Graduates and Students of Three Hospitals

ON LAKE CANANDAIGUA

BY MILDRED E. WRIGHT

Frederick Ferris Thompson Memorial Hospital, Canandaigua, N. Y.

NEARLY everyone agrees that camping is the ideal life for Summer and that accessibility to a lake is a great asset. In this particular we nurses of Canandaigua consider ourselves more than fortunate. Situated only a mile from the foot of the lake and the swimming school, we can spend even a short time off duty pleasantly.

However, we are not dependent upon the swimming school for our recreation; last summer an owner of a residence on the Lake

Road gave us the use of a strip of land beside the lake for camping purposes. A large, well equipped tent was pitched and the fun began. As comparatively few of the nurses can be off duty at one time during the day, most of our picnics are necessarily held in the evening, but our enjoyment is in no way lessened by that. The camp is about a mile from the foot of the lake, near enough to permit walking, but for those who consider the day's work sufficient exercise, transportation is assured, as the local car runs part of the distance (if one waits long enough), and a Ford coupe is always available, and everyone knows that in an emergency, the smallest Ford can do the duty of a seven-passenger car, at least.

Arriving at the camp in some manner, by half-past seven, supper is the first event, and who does not know the joy of eating in the open,—a pleasure brought about by a combination of everything typical of lake life; the rosy sky, the sun setting behind the willows, the sound of the water and of the croaking frogs, the inimitable odor of "hot dogs" roasting over the fire. Moonlight bathing is an attraction, or wading for those less adventurous, and then, sitting around our fire, now useful in keeping away the inevitable mosquito, we sing and talk.

Summer's heat holds no terrors for us when we can look forward to the end of the day and a picnic supper; for from the time of our last picnic each autumn we anticipate those of the coming summer.

THE CAMP—INNIS ARDEN

SEVERAL years ago through interest of one of the then members of the Board of Managers of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, a camp was placed at the disposal of the school office for week ends. The invitation is extended from April to November to graduates on the staff and student nurses of the school.

Sound Beach is a small town about 35 miles from New York on Long Island Sound and is reached after an hour's ride on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. A mile and a half ride in an auto brings you to the entrance gate of Innis Arden, the private estate of Mr. J. Kennedy Tod. This is familiarly called in the village "Tod's Point," being a peninsula jutting out into the Sound, and connected with the mainland by what was formerly a sand bar. This bar has been filled in and built up until it is a wonderful driveway with the Sound on either side and leading to a natural park which is two miles in diameter and has an irregular rocky coast line. The driveway leaving the bar encircles the park and thus gives easy access to any part of it.

The first interest after being admitted by the concierge, who, at

the honk-honk has trotted out from his tidy cottage, is a picturesque "Queen Anne" cottage just at the end of the bar. This is just the beginning of surprises—a vegetable garden, the family residence on the side of a small lake, the chauffeur's cottage; the overseer's cottage, the stables, the garage—are passed in succession until, best of all, at the farthest point from the gate, we suddenly drive up to "The Camp." The wide open door, the flowers on the table and the jovial greeting from the man-about-the-place, who looks after such creature comforts as wood, etc., all spell a welcome.



The Camp—Innis Arden

The word "camp" very inadequately describes the group of buildings used for the entertainment of the nurses. The main building is one large living room with fireplace, writing desk, two day beds and easy chairs. At either end is a very small dressing room. The advantage of this arrangement is evident. The dressing rooms are as small as can still be convenient, but that means that the living room is as large as possible—also later the sleeping room is the same size. This arrangement, however, gives no excuse for littering up the living room with unsightly wearing apparel and bags. But some one is already saying, "I thought this was a camp." It is first a place of rest—pleasure to the eye is emphasized everywhere and no more effectually than in this living room with its brown and green furniture and bright chintz. The wall next to the water can be completely thrown open by means of large doors and the room becomes a large porch screened and cool. To the east are two tents, each containing

two single beds. Here again is the same idea of comfort and restfulness, the tents being perfect little bedrooms with white furniture. To the west is the kitchen with every convenience for cooking and a screened in out-door dining room a few steps farther on. Put these in a small grove of oak trees, cut the grass about the paths sufficiently to keep the feet dry after a rain and you have a picture of "The Camp" at Innis Arden.

A description of a week end party would be incomplete without some reference to the tables. The thoughtfulness of our hostess keeps the kitchen supplied with non-perishable food such as sugar, tea, coffee, jam and so on. At the door to welcome us each Saturday afternoon is a large can of milk and basket of whatever the garden supplies. The gardener shows his interest in "The Camp" by arranging this basket with as fine an appreciation of color as any florist. The Swiss chard and spinach are arranged to blend their green and the touch of color from radishes, young carrots and beets is added. Nor does he hesitate to add a few onions, that delicacy denied the profession. The perishable food such as eggs, butter and fresh meat are supplied from the hospital kitchen, the superintendent having given orders that a basket be packed each Saturday morning with sufficient allowance for the number of nurses week-ending. A season ticket on the railroad from our host and hostess completes the arrangements for "The Camp."

To those who are familiar with the details of a suitable week-end for a group of young women away from home, often of limited incomes, the relaxation of wandering at will on a private estate large enough to afford several hours' walk, the variety afforded by the formal garden, the ponds with the swan and duck, the natural oak grove with its strawberries and wild flowers, the bathing, the freedom from financial responsibility, even the cooking and moderate amount of housekeeping will be thoroughly appreciated.

OUR COTTAGE

BY HAZEL MACKAY, '22

The Johns Hopkins Hospital School for Nurses, Baltimore, Md.

SHERWOOD FOREST! What glorious memories the name brings! Days filled with healthy, happy sports and the sheer joy of living and wonderful evenings on the moonlit river with the stillness broken only by the sound of a dripping paddle or the fitful melody of the ubiquitous guitar or uke.

Sherwood Forest Park comprises over nine hundred acres of